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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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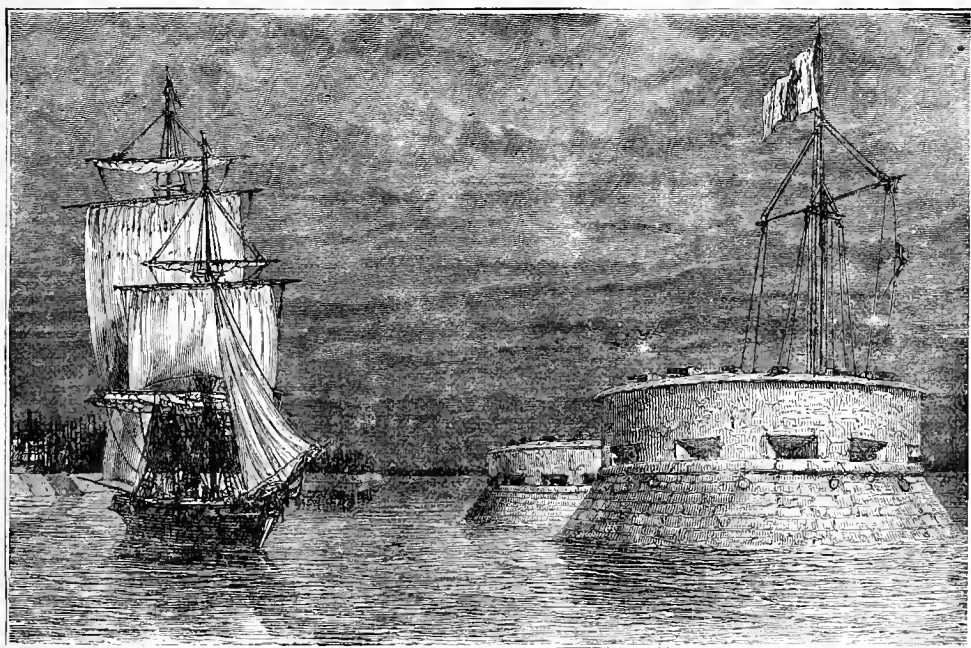
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## A RUSSIAN NAVAL STATION.

ON A narrow island of about five miles in length, near the mouth of the Neva river and only about twenty miles from St. Petersburg, is situated Cronstadt, a picture of which

bristle with cannons pointing in every direction. These stations are themselves proof against the heaviest shells, they being built of massive granite blocks in circular form, and thus being in a condition to shed the most of the missiles which are fired at their sides. So



CRONSTADT.

is herewith presented. It is the greatest naval station of Russia and one of its most flourishing commercial ports. It would be a sorry day for any vessel of Russia's enemy to attempt the forcing of a passage near the stone forts seen in the picture which literally

strong are these defences that a British admiral who reconnoitred them in the war of 1854-55 pronounced them impregnable, and said it would be utter madness to make any attempt at capture.

Very necessary it is, too, that this approach

to the Russian capital should be well defended, and the skill and attention devoted to Cronstadt have not been in vain. The harbors at this point, numbering three, are most excellent. The one to the east is used alone for vessels of war, of which it accommodates thirty; the middle harbor is used for the fitting up and repairing of ships; and the west or merchant's harbor, for the occupancy of the ships of commerce, is capable of affording space to one thousand vessels.

This important point was taken from the Swedes by Peter the Great in the year 1703, and seeing how important an acquisition it was to his dominions as a naval station he founded Cronstadt in 1710 and expended immense sums of money on the fortifications. The city in summer, when a great many of the wealthier classes make it a place of resort, numbers about fifty thousand inhabitants, but in winter the population is reduced to about fifteen thousand.

Speaking of Russia brings to mind a prophecy which is accredited to the Prophet Joseph Smith, concerning this country. Elder Jesse W. Fox, Sen., received the narration from Father Taylor, the father of the late President John Taylor. The old gentleman said that at one time the Prophet Joseph was in his house conversing about the battle of Waterloo, in which Father Taylor had taken part. Suddenly the Prophet turned and said, "Father Taylor, you will live to see, though I will not, greater battles than that of Waterloo. The United States will go to war with Mexico, and thus gain an increase of Territory. The slave question will cause a division between the North and the South, and in these wars greater battles than Waterloo will occur. But," he continued, with emphasis, "when the great bear (Russia) lays her paw on the lion (England) the winding up scene is not far distant."

These words were uttered before there was any prospect of war with Mexico, and such a thing as division in the United States was never contemplated. Yet these fierce struggles came, and though Joseph himself was

slain before they occurred, Father Taylor lived to witness some of the world's most remarkable battles.

The struggle between the bear and the lion has not yet happened, but as surely as Joseph the Prophet ever predicted such an event so surely will it not fail of its fulfillment. *Nac.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### The Idaho Test-Oath Decision.

THE mission of the gospel, or what is commonly called "Mormonism," appears to be to test men and nations and institutions, as nothing else will. It has the effect to draw to the surface, from the hidden resources of the human heart, manifestations that would, under other circumstances, remain entirely concealed. Every Latter-day Saint, who has had any experience in the world, has seen this illustrated. People whom they thought very honest, very truth-loving and very sincere, have proved, when the gospel has been brought in contact with them, to be the very opposite. People who have borne a high character for loving God, for believing the Bible and for a willingness to obey the truth, have often been proved to be rank hypocrites when the gospel has been brought to them. Men who have stood high in society, and who have had a fine reputation, have shown themselves to be utterly unworthy of confidence and to be enemies of truth. The gospel has brought to the surface the true features of every character, and has shown how many professions are false and hypocritical.

This has been the case in thousands of instances in the world where the Elders have gone, carrying the gospel. Men and women, who received the truth gladly when it was preached to them and who joined the Church, hastened with delight to their relatives and acquaintances to carry to them the glad message, and were astonished at the reception they have had from many of these. Instead

of being received with favor for carrying the truth, they have often been treated with scorn and contempt, and their relatives and friends have turned their backs upon them and shown hatred towards them. In this way many thousands of the Latter-day Saints have been disappointed. But this has not been without some profit, for, by the means of the gospel, they have been able to get a knowledge of human nature and an insight into the true characters of people whom they had previously known for years, or, perhaps, all their lives, and whom they had supposed they knew perfectly well.

But the testing process is not confined to the religious class only. Officials have gone to Utah, recommended by those who thought they knew them as being the very men to fill positions in our Territory; they have been described as possessing the qualities which were needed in the peculiar circumstances which surround officers among us; but, alas! how seldom have these recommendations and the expectations based upon them been fulfilled! In very few cases have these men been found to be what they were hoped to be, and what their friends believed them to be. Brought in contact with the truth and the work of God, they have exhibited traits of character that have disappointed their friends who recommended them, and, possibly, themselves also, as well as the people in the Territory to whom they were sent.

We have tested the religious world very fully. We have tested the political world to a very great extent, and we are still testing it. And now the judicial world is being tested. Officers sent among us have been shown up in their true colors. Judges, who have had a good reputation for fairness and for every quality that constitutes a good judge, when brought in contact with "Mormonism," show that they cannot stand the test any more than either preachers or politicians. Many instances might be cited in illustration of this. The most recent, however, is the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Samuel D. Davis, who applied for a writ

of *habeas corpus*, and in the decision of which the constitutionality of the Idaho test-oath law was involved. In rendering this decision, the counsel for the applicant, Samuel D. Davis, are badly misrepresented. It is made to appear that they advocated or attempted to defend infractions of law, by claiming that plural marriage, being a religious practice, came within the exemptions of the first amendment to the constitution, which says:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Now, such a statement is erroneous and very unjust, and is likely to do a very great injury, because it comes from a high quarter and has authority lent it on account of the eminence of the court from which it emanates. There was no attempt to defend or justify the doctrine of plural marriage by the attorneys who appeared for Samuel D. Davis, and yet the court, in its opinion delivered on the case, conveys that idea to the public.

The court decides that the statute of Idaho which prescribes this test-oath is not open to any constitutional or legal objection. In other words, it is decided that the legislature of a Territory has the right to enact such a law, and, of course, it follows that every legislature, whether of a State or a Territory, can enact similar laws and enforce them.

It was clearly proved, in the trial of Samuel D. Davis, that he was not a "member of, nor contributed to, the support, aid or encouragement of any order, organization, association, incorporation or society which teaches, advises, counsels, encourages or aids any person to enter into bigamy, polygamy or such patriarchal or plural marriage." The ground taken in his case was that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Idaho had refrained, for some time past, from the practice and teaching of polygamy; and it was proved, also, that no plural marriage had ever taken place in Idaho; but, notwithstanding this, because he took this test-oath and was registered, he was convicted of perjury and sen-

tenced to be imprisoned and fined five hundred dollars.

It has been argued by those who defend this test-oath statute of Idaho that the Latter-day Saints are not asked, in taking the test-oath, to do any more than is required of other citizens. Those who take this position say, "You are not discriminated against, and why should you complain? We do not impose any obligation upon you that we do not impose upon all citizens." This appears, on its surface, very specious, and, to those who are not acquainted with the circumstances, it may have an appearance of fairness; but such reasoning is only intended to throw dust in the eyes of the people. Samuel D. Davis took this oath in good faith, for he knew that the Church to which he had belonged was doing nothing that was forbidden by this statute. But what was the result? The court declared in face of this evidence to the contrary—that the Church to which he belonged did teach, advise, counsel and encourage patriarchal or plural marriage, and, therefore, he had committed perjury by taking the oath.

The facts are, that statute was intended for the express purpose of preventing the Latter-day Saints from voting, sitting on juries or holding public office; and, though they might swear honestly and in good faith that the Church to which they belonged did not do anything to bring it within the inhibitions of the statute, yet it was determined beforehand that it should be so decided, and that anyone who took such an oath would be prosecuted for perjury and, if convicted, be punished therefor.

It is not a pleasant thing to criticise the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it seems, to fair-minded people who examine this recent decision, that that Court has begged the question, and has, in its fear of saying or doing anything that might be construed into favoring the Latter-day Saints, gone to the other extreme and done an injustice to an oppressed and persecuted people. Instead of its great authority being thrown onto the side of the weak and the

powerless, against whom public feeling is very strong, it has thrown its authority upon the side of the oppressor, and has sanctioned and declared legal an act which, when enforced in the spirit in which it was framed, deprives the members of an entire Church of those rights which freemen, from the earliest ages, have valued, and for the defence and maintenance of which millions of lives have been laid down.

By these frequent appeals which we have been compelled to take to the Supreme tribunal of the nation, we are testing that Court as it never has been tested. The effect upon it is somewhat similar to that which has followed in religious and political circles, when our cause has been brought before their members. God is proving the world by the application of His great touchstone of truth. As I have said, it brings to the surface all the hidden traits of character, and men stand, stripped of every pretense and of every covering, in their true guise before the Lord and the world. Measures have been enacted by Congress, and been enforced by executive officers under the direction of the Judicial departments which, half a century ago, no one could have believed would ever have been possible in this nation. The mere mention of them as propositions at that time would have shocked the moral sense and the love of justice of every true American. They would have declared that no such proceedings as we have witnessed and suffered from in our day ever could be counteracted in America, without the liberties and true freedom, for which the fathers fought, being swept away.

It is one of the most lamentable signs of the decadence of virtue and true liberty in this nation that such things as these are taking place in this Republic without organized protest except from the Latter-day Saints. No measure, however odious or in open conflict with the fundamental principles of government, is deemed too harsh or improper to be adopted and made law if it furnishes any hope that it will reach and cripple us, check our growth or make us powerless. The manifesta-

tion of such a spirit and disposition is a sad spectacle to contemplate, and should give the Latter-day Saints real cause for sorrow—not sorrow on their own account, but for those who engage in these schemes and who so ruthlessly cast aside all the safeguards of liberty and every principle which is designed for the protection of men in their rights; for they are far more to be pitied than the people who suffer from their injustice. Their rash, inconsiderate and blind action will bring down upon themselves far more serious consequences than it will upon those whom they design to make victims.

So far as we are concerned, if we are true to ourselves and to the pure principles of truth and righteousness which God has revealed, we have no cause to fear. We cannot be injured unless we injure ourselves. It is true that we may have trials and difficulties to pass through and encounter, but the results will be beneficial. The decision in this Idaho test case, unfavorable as it appears to be, will not prove a serious embarrassment to our people in that Territory. It is designed to accomplish great evil, but those who framed it with this view will be disappointed. They have shown their animus; they have proved how unworthy they are of the power which they exercise. It is they who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; and all who favor these extraordinary infractions of the laws of liberty and right have been similarly tested and found similarly deficient.

It is just as necessary that the political and judicial world should be tested in this manner as that the religious world should be fully proved and made to exhibit its true character.

For one, I am not the least discouraged at the present outlook. I expect great results to follow these measures and decisions which now affect and interest us. We shall gain credit in this contest. The wrongs that are practiced upon us are so flagrant and outrageous that they are indefensible. The only way in which men can obtain even a shadow

of a pretext for them is by covering up the whole case with falsehood. By indulging in unlimited misrepresentation and slander, they obtain tolerance and, in some cases, approval for their abominable work. But when the whole subject is uncovered and the falsehood, slander and misrepresentation, with which it is enveloped, is stripped off, and the Latter-day Saints and their cause stand out in their true character as they are and as they always have been, then a true verdict will be pronounced, and deep condemnation will fall upon all who have engaged in these savage proceedings. I am sure I am not mistaken in my expectations concerning the results of that which is being done against us. The more barbarous and flagrantly unjust are the measures of those who fight us, the more complete will be the condemnation when it comes—and it surely will come.

Such proceedings as are now carried on against us may be sustained for awhile. The pendulum may swing a long distance in one direction, but it will swing back again. Truth may be obscured, and its voice may be drowned; but it cannot be forever hidden or silenced. The justice of God never sleeps. Wrongs do not forever remain unredressed. In our case this is especially true, for God has made promises which He cannot forget. A reaction will come, and we have only to wait the providences of the Lord for the inevitable triumph that is assuredly in store for those who have clung to truth and honesty and upright dealings. We have no need, either, to become weary or let our patience be exhausted. Some may take gloomy views of the situation and feel discouraged. This seems to be the natural disposition of some people, but it is not a good frame of mind for Latter-day Saints to be in. There is such a gift as hope, and it is a gift that we ought to seek for. It is intimately associated with faith, and where these two gifts abound, cheerfulness, contentment and happy anticipations are the prevailing sentiments.

—♦—

PATIENCE doth conquer by out-suffering all.

## UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143.]

## PART IV.

"BLESS my soul!" ejaculated the Bishop. The young man stood, downcast and ashamed.

His look of evident contrition and shame seemed to bear its own impress of truth to the penetrating eyes of the father, and his frown of displeasure gradually smoothed away.

"Forgive me, sir; and please ask the young lady to pardon so rude and insulting an action. Believe me, it was an impulse of mischief not meanness. It almost seemed like my own frolicsome sister whom I have not seen," he added sadly, "for over a year."

"I could forgive one offense of that sort if I were only sure it would be the last." The old man drew the door to, and said in a low tone, "You were brought up in the world, Brother Gibbs, and I do not of course know what your manners are. But I warn you to be very circumspect and careful with my girls. They are as innocent and about as ignorant as young kittens. And they are as precious to me as the apple of my eye. But there, Brother, I feel that I can trust you, and that you will not disabuse my confidence."

"Thank you, sir," earnestly and simply answered the youth.

Together they entered the house, and calling to a lady in an inner room the Bishop said,

"Mother, here is Brother Gibbs. You have seen him I guess in meeting. I have asked him to stay with us a few weeks and help me about the work."

Willard sees a lady of medium height, rather stout, about forty-five, with dark blue eyes and dark brown hair that is silvering over with time and care; the face full of a serene, sweet beauty, the straight Grecian nose, tender, sensitive mouth, broad, low brow, and through the eyes a shining loveliness of spirit that appealed at once to all the best of his nature.

He shook her outstretched hand and bowed over it with real homage.

"You are welcome, Brother Gibbs, sit down and make yourself at home." The kindly words were uttered in a sweet though rather loud voice, and the manner was as gentle, gracious and winning as that of a duchess.

"Can that be the mother of the little fly-away I was so rude to?" was the thought that crossed his mind.

"Where's Aunt Fannie?"

"She is just getting on the dinner."

"Well, call the folks, and we'll have dinner."

Just then Willard spied a youth of about fourteen who seemed ready to break into an irrepressible laugh. He sobered down though as soon as he found he was being observed.

"Tommy, this is Brother Gibbs; come and shake hands, my son."

The irrepressible youth walked quickly up to Willard and said without the least trace of embarrassment,

"How do ye do, Brother Gibbs?"

Willard felt compelled to answer this western salutation in the answering phrase,

"Pretty well, thank you, how are you?"

"Oh I'm first class," responded Master Tom.

The Bishop led the way through the hall into a back room, where a number of people stood apparently waiting for their coming.

"This is my wife Fanny, and my wife Sarah. Moroni, my eldest son, and Lovina, my eldest daughter. Where is Rhoda, mother?"

"She is busy up stairs, father."

Willard instantly surmised that the absent Rhoda was the one he had met so unceremoniously.

Quite a number of children of both sexes and all ages crowded around the table and took apparently their usual places.

"Where shall we have Brother Gibbs sit, Fanny?"

"Right between you and Moroni, father," and all were at last seated.

Willard saw there were no vacant seats and guessed that Miss Rhoda would not appear at this meal.

"What a stupid ass I have made myself appear," was his inward comment; for his conduct had so abashed him that he appeared awkward, ill at ease, and reserved.

He felt too nervous to notice any of the assembled family very closely, but observed that the young girl her father called "Lovina" sat at the foot of the table, as far away from himself as possible.

The glimpses he had of her face made him sure that she was the daughter of the first wife he had been introduced to; he scarcely knew why, but nevertheless he felt it was so.

That evening, the Bishop took him out to the stables and corrals, and together they did the evening chores. Tommy was allowed to accompany his brother Moroni to the evening classes of the school which the elder brother attended so faithfully.

"You see," explained the father, "I have had to work hard all my life; and as soon as Moroni was old enough I had to have his help. So he hasn't had much schooling. And now in the winter I give him all the chances I can. I am glad, too, that Thomas can get to go a little, for he has lots o' work to do and don't get any more schooling than his brother."

Willard looked at the hugh barn piled high with hay, the graneries rich with grain, the stock, the fowls, the horses and hogs, and knowing that this man dug his families' daily food out of mother earth with his two hands, assisted in summers by his boys, he did not wonder that the boys had not had "much schooling."

It took them both over an hour to complete the "chores," and it was quite dark when they came back into the house, stamping the snow from their shoes as they came in.

"You're a bad, wicked boy, and I almost hate you," they heard uttered in a loud, shrill tone of anger as the Bishop opened the door.

"Rhoda, Thomas, what do you mean?" expostulated another voice.

"See here," as the flying form of his daughter dashed out into the hall, and from the patter of feet up stairs into the upper regions; the Bishop stood still. "Mother, what's all this about?"

Tommy stood up behind a chair evidently equally divided between fear of his father's displeasure and a loud boisterous laugh.

"Oh," answered mother, "it's Tommy plaguing Rhoda again. I do wish they would not be so quarrelsome."

"What do you mean Thomas? Arn't you ashamed to tease the girls?" somewhat austere demanded the father.

"No, sir, not very," frankly answered the boy, a grin almost gaining the ascendancy.

"Well, then you'd ought to. If its about that wish-bone I want it understood once for all that I forbid you or any other member of my family speaking of it again, any where or any place. Do you understand, Thomas? You carry your frolics too far sometimes."

"Ycs, sir," responded the now subdued Tommy.

Shortly after, the Bishop took down from the old-fashioned mantle shelf a large bell, and going to the door, he rang it with great deliberation and with exact precision.

Into the long dining-room trooped the whole family. A little chat, questions and answers from the elders to each other, and then the good man said,

"Come, let us have prayers."

This was Willard's first insight into a polygamous family, and he was quick to note every feature of the family life.

After the comprehensive but rather long prayer in which the young man faithfully followed every word, the brief rustle subsided, and he began to more closely observe the various members of this, to him, singular family.

The girl whom he had heard called Lovina, sat next to the wife the Bishop usually addressed as "mother." He had time in the general conversation that followed to notice

the perfect loveliness of her face and head. Pure pearly skin, eyes of blue, small sweet mouth, high rounded brow "like her father's," his mental comment—arching neck, delicate features, even the ears being so small and perfect they were like two ocean shells, the light-brown hair being parted and combed back, and braided down on the shoulders. Her dress was dark, but pale-blue ribbons set off the lovely complexion, and when he had completed his brief examination, he involuntarily exclaimed to himself as many had done before him, "how beautiful." The expression of the face was somewhat cold and reserved, but the tender lines about the mouth, "it is her mother's mouth," was his thought, betrayed a nature full of affection and capable perhaps, of passionate tenderness.

But, where is Rhoda? was his mental query as he glanced about the group, and saw no one of the half grown lassies here or there that seemed to be the one he had held for one moment in his arms.

The Bishop's mind seemed full of the same thought and he said aloud,

"Where is my daughter Rhoda?"

"She is up stairs, father," answered mother, who Willard guessed was really Rhoda's mother.

"Well," said the father, "tell her after this I want her to come to her meals and to prayers. You can tell her that Brother Gibbs is as sorry and ashamed of his part of that silly affair as she seems to be. He has asked mine and her forgiveness, and I am willing, *for this once*," slowly emphasizing, "to overlook it. He will behave himself in the future, of that I am sure. I only wish I were equally sure that Rhoda would act a little less like a great tom-boy."

"Oh, pa," exclaimed Lovina from her corner, "Rhoda is nothing but a child."

"Well, well, that's enough on that subject, Now then go and call her down, and we'll have a little music before we go to bed."

The boys, Moroni and Tom came in at that moment from night-school, and in the general moving and bustle, Willard failed to

note the little figure that slipped in the door and dropped down on the melodian stool. Not until a few chords from the organ were struck did the slight confusion subside and he caught sight of the organist.

Yes, that was Rhoda. He recognized with a thrill the lithe, round figure, every curve and line being a perfect symmetry. She had the same light-brown hair as her sister Lovina, he could see that. But a something in the saucy poise of the head showed him she was not like the quiet, reserved, elder sister.

The voice rose and fell in the quaint, old song of "When you and I were young, Maggie." Most of the family joined in the chorus, the little ones even dragging two bars behind or jumping gaily along a bar ahead of the rest.

A few sprightly tunes, "dancing tunes," Aunt Fanny explained to him, followed the song which she told him was "father's favorite."

The Bishop spoke to Moroni during a pause in the music, and then perforce the organist ceased, and swinging round on her stool, she quietly slipped away into the darkest corner; but it was not yet so dark that Willard could not at odd times observe her thus, noting the downcast face.

She was not as beautiful as Lovina, but she was still very pretty. As the good-nights were exchanged, he saw that Lovina was taller, more slender, but had a graceful rounded form; not as plump as Rhoda's, but in truth they were both, he decided, lovely girls in face and form.

The Bishop lingered with Willard to tell him somewhat concerning his duties, and then taking a candle he led the way up stairs to the "boy's room," and showed him a single bed across from the one where the two oldest boys slept and with a hearty good-night, left the young man to his own thoughts.

The two lads were asleep and he quickly undressed, blew out his light and bowed down in humble fervent prayer. As he prayed he thought of the day's proceedings, the manifestations of God's mercy to him, and then—

his ungentlemanly, rude conduct on the threshold of his new home. He asked to be pardoned and that the circumstance might be forgiven and completely forgotten by his kind friends, adding an earnest promise which he felt was a covenant to God, that while he dwelt under that roof he would in word and deed respect the wishes of his host, and would never again offer the least familiarity to any daughter of the house.

As he lay thinking it all over afterward, he could hardly explain it to himself. Not in any way a woman-hater, quite the contrary, he had still felt too much reverence and respect to all his girl friends, even in boyhood, to offer the least freedom that might offend the delicate sensibilities of girlhood.

It was an impulse, he could only decide, born of his love for romping and mischief and should be most carefully guarded against in the future. What had come over him? Was he beginning to forget his wife, his own wife although separated from her? No, a thousand times no! She was his own, and no other would or should come between his heart and her image. He should be true to her, no matter what the cost.

With this firm resolve his mind drifted from Hortense to the boy he had never seen, and as he had done ever since he left home, he fell asleep praying for their peace and comfort.

#### PART V.

THE days swept into weeks, and spring at last broke up the snowy bands that winter had clasped around the earth, and the great brown face of our faithful Mother began to show through the melting snows of March.

Willard had become pretty well acquainted with his friends, the Mainwarings—the cheerful, honest, intelligent father, with a nature as strong as iron but made beautiful by the soft velvet folds of love and charity engendered by a faithful observance of the gospel laws—him Willard loved even as a father. The man was indeed one to be loved. Devoted to his religion, he sought to make his

daily life comport with his constant teachings. Stern in rebuke, he yet healed the wound his sharpness had made with the oil of a greater kindness, a more tender thoughtfulness. When these rebukes had been administered, sometimes, a few times even to him, the after tenderness of his manner often recalled to Willard's mind the passage in the Doctrine and Covenants:

"Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love towards him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy."

There was a lofty dignity of character about Bishop Mainwaring that commanded men's homage, while his overflowing love and kindness won their confidence and affection.

He had also become acquainted with the lovely character of the first wife Mary, "mother" as she was so frequently called by the members of the family, her generous forgetfulness of self and her pure, earnest faith. Fanny, the second wife, was likewise a good, true woman, with a quick, lively disposition, accompanied by a somewhat sharp tongue; yet she was withal so quick to forget and forgive, so ready to help with the hands while she scolded with the lips that he was willing to grasp the prickly outside so quickly that it didn't hurt and find gladly the kernel of goodness and truth beneath the sharp exterior.

Sarah, the third wife, puzzled him. At first he had fancied she was the kindest, the sweetest dispositioned of the three. Her words were so soft and so gentle, uttered in a low, quick monotone with a deprecatory manner that at the first acquaintance made one feel that she was a genuine philanthropist, if not a real martyr.

This first experience of his in a polygamous family made a deep impression upon him, and he found himself studying intently the daily drama of life spread out before his eyes.

He could not fail to see that "Aunt Fanny's" (as he grew to call her) acerbity of tongue was directed most frequently at "Aunt Sarah's" seemingly defenceless head. Even he heard little sharp slings thrown at Aunt

Sarah, who always retreated in oceans of tears and—it must be confessed—with a telling retort clothed in Aunt Sarah's own soft, low tones and martyred manner.

Never in his life had he become so intimately acquainted with the female character, and never before had he realized the heights to which woman steps in her grand unselfishness, the depths to which her petty intrigues and self-absorbed desires cast her down.

It was late in the spring and he was busy, as were all hands, putting in spring crops and doing general spring work.

Moroni was a good, faithful boy, much like his father, and soon won a warm place in Willard's affectionate nature.

But Tommy, bright, active, honest, careless, heedless Tommy, witty, and as full of mischief as a young monkey, Tommy claimed Willard's deepest love and tenderness. He was Aunt Fanny's only child, delicate in frame and growing so fast, "spindling up" his father called it, that he crept into the lonely heart of the young man like a dear younger brother. He could never feel angry with the rogue, and often longed to second him in his frolics, but would not—his first blunder never left his mind.

Tommy often boyishly betrayed family secrets to him, and when they did not savor too much of the "inner sanctuary" he allowed the boy to chatter.

"We are going to the farm today, Will. Are you going along?"

"I don't know," answered Willard.

"Well, I hope you are. You know father's going down to set the men to work on the new house."

"Are you going to have a new house down there for all hands?"

"Oh, no," approaching him and whispering, "the family are going to meet in solemn conclave and appoint Aunt Sarah as a missionary to the farm," and the eyes danced.

"Why, Thomas, what a sacreligious boy you are."

"Am I? Well, you live in our house a few years, and if you don't want to move out

on to the farm or else petition Aunt Sarah to, I am mistaken."

"I don't understand what you mean by speaking of your Aunt Sarah so. I never saw a better woman in my life."

"Oh, she's good enough. Awful good. So good it takes an angel from heaven to live with her."

"You shock me, Tommy. I am ashamed of you."

"Well, don't be. I like Aunt Sarah. Real well, too. Only it's like I like real sweet blackberries. Soon cloy on 'em, and only want to see 'em a few times in a year."

Tommy discreetly left Willard to digest his similes at his leisure and walked into the stable and began to hitch up the double-seated "light wagon."

When they were ready to drive out, the Bishop came out and asked Willard if he would like to go down with them, which offer was gladly accepted.

There was a bustle of excitement as the little crowd came out of the gate and settled into their respective places. Children crowded at the door to say "good-bye, mamma," and to see them off.

"Where am I going?" nervously asked Aunt Sarah with a slight laugh. "You will, of course, prefer someone else in with you, won't you, father, for I am such a coward. You know what a coward I always was, father, and Tommy is such a poor driver," and she fluttered and fussed.

"You can sit behind in the carriage, Sarah," said the Bishop. Willard is going along to help Thomas if he needs any help, and this colt here is so frisky that I feel somewhat nervous myself to drive him. So, Fanny, as you are the bravest one in the Mainwaring family, you can risk yourself along o' me."

"Oh," murmured Aunt Sarah as she began to climb into the carriage, "I thought pa said for me to come with him. He knows I'd sooner risk myself behind wild horses if he held the lines, than with cows driven by a baby."

The soft, murmuring, deprecatory manner

and tone appealed to Willard, who was all sympathy at once for poor Aunt Sarah. But something in the words themselves seemed to sting Tommy, for he gave the steady old farm horses a cut that sent them plunging ahead, almost into the buggy.

"Oh—h," shrieked Aunt Sarah.

"Tommy," scolded Rhoda, who was just about to sit down, the jerk sending her almost into Willard's lap.

"Oh, dear," wailed Aunt Sarah softly, as she pressed her baby in her arms, "I just know we'll all be dashed out and killed. I feel sure of it. Stop the carriage, Tommy, and I'll walk back."

Neither Tommy nor anyone else believed she meant a word of the last sentence, so he plunged on, fire in his eye, his youthful mouth set. He was silent for a wonder, which fact made both Rhoda and Aunt Mary feel that every rock in the road would receive full attention from him. The colt flew over the long, straight road to the south where the farm lay, and Tommy recklessly dashed after him. Every "sidling" place was carefully selected and when reached the horses were urged almost into a gallop.

"We shall all be killed," moaned Aunt Sarah again and again.

"Don't think about it," said wise mother, "just put your mind on something else. You will get yourself all worked up into a perfect fever. Come, let's talk of something else. Willard, do you know when the new house is to be begun?"

"No, ma'am. I have not heard the Bishop mention the matter."

"I heard father say," said Rhoda, "that it would be ready to go into by August. Say, mother, do you know who's going to live down there? Won't it be lovely for the one who does?"

"No, I don't know, dear. I suppose father will let us women folks arrange that to suit ourselves."

"Well, I know of one," said Aunt Sarah, "who will not be allowed to go in there. I have never owned a thing in my life, not even

a tin cup. Always have had to ask for the use of every single thing. I don't suppose that while I live on this earth I shall ever be permitted to call a cup mine, let alone a house and home. Why is it that some seem to have all the blessings and others all the crosses? My comfort is that it won't be so in heaven. We shall get our righteous dues there, and be understood as we are. Oh—h, Tommy Mainwaring, are you going to kill us all and send us unprepared into eternity?"

"I thought, Aunt Sarah, you were longing to go."

"What a wicked, perverse boy you are. How could you imagine such a thing?"

"I am sure," quietly observed Aunt Mary at this juncture, "we all fare alike in father's household. He deals justly by us all. If one has any advantage in one way, pa is sure to make it up to the others in another way."

I am taking you behind the scenes in this family, even as Willard found himself, for he was soon looked upon by the simple, guileless folk as one of themselves.

If you think poor Tom was disrespectful or Aunt Sarah odd, you must bear in mind that plural marriage is of most benefit in that very thing, that it trains us—if we will let it—to become more charitable, more loving and unselfish to all.

Willard listened rather vaguely to all the talk, for his thoughts were nearer home. Indeed, thought was merged into emotion, and he had besides much ado to preserve his equilibrium during the repeated jolts and jumps caused by Tom's reckless driving.

Occasionally, when a very "tippy place," as Rhoda called it, came along, he would see Tom's eyes flash into Rhoda's as he mischievously whipped up the horses to greater speed, while Rhoda's eyes danced with fun.

The bracing air sweet with all the rejuvenating influences of the young spring, the grassy lanes lined with dandelions' gay banners and the faint loveliness of the flowers, the scene of rural beauty, fields of rich brown loam just turned over for planting, streams of water here and there like measured lines of

silver, the tall trees lining the roadside and casting their light shadows of young green athwart the path, the green meadows, and over and around all, the great towering peaks of old Wasatch; all this entered the consciousness of the young man's artistic temperament, and he leaned out to gaze with quiet rapture on the scene. He said something of this to his companion, and Rhoda answered,

"I love the mountains. They are the retreat and the defense of my parents and their people. But I long to see the world. The great big world. What is the world like? Are there mountains and valleys, and are people out there just like our people? I have seen outsiders, you know, but somehow they seem different, more polite, more refined than we are. Now, you are almost an outsider, you know."

The gay laugh, the implied compliment so innocently given, caused Willard to look down quickly into the suddenly raised grey eyes beside him. Then they both laughed; she in confusion, he with merriment.

The last corner was turned, the clump of trees with the old log house where they always camped was at hand, and Tom drove up with a dash and clatter, his eyes twinkling with mischief, and so riotous a plunge did the poor goaded horses give that even Aunt Fanny called out sharply, "Thomas, do you see what you are about?"

The Bishop stepped out from the trees where he had just tied his colt, Willard jumped down and hastened round to assist Aunts Sarah and Mary to alight, while Rhoda hopped off the wheel like a bird.

"He will not even offer me his hand to help me out of a wagon," she thought half sadly.

"Well, father," murmured Sarah, "we have had a narrow escape. And it's been nothing on earth but *my faith* that has kept us from being dashed into eternity."

Thereupon Tom burst into a loud, irrepressible laugh, merrily joined by Rhoda, and even Willard smiled and smiled until the contagion spread and he, too, laughed aloud.

"Say, sis, just look in the bottom of the carriage for that mustard seed, will you?"

Another ripple of merriment, and Aunt Sarah inquired plaintively why it was that the children were ever finding so much to laugh about. For her, she could almost cry with relief to be out of that engine of death, the carriage. She hoped never to go through such another scene of torture, no, not for an hour. She was all this while searching for the mustard seeds which Tom had said she brought down for planting.

"I can't find that seed," she said at last, "have you lost it, Tommy?"

"No, ma'am," the boy answered. "I think it must have been spilled by the wayside."

"What seed?" interposed the Bishop. "I haven't brought any seed. Come on now, all hands, and let us decide where and how to build."

After much talk and many suggestions, a little knoll not far from the spring and its encircling grove of cottonwood trees, was decided upon as the most desirable spot.

"Where Fanny or Mary could build their milk house," murmured Aunt Sarah in quite audible tones as she stood between her husband and Willard. "What a comfort it would be to Fanny to know she could be all to herself and could do just as she pleased, with no one to say why do ye so, and the lovely bracing air and pretty scene and all, it is enough to make some poor unfortunate women almost sick with resolving not to break the tenth commandment. I never look for such happiness as this, not I; when all else are served and made happy and comfortable, then perhaps, if I am not in my grave long before, then maybe it will come my turn. But it's all right. I never feel to murmur at the dealings of Providence, no matter what I am called on to undergo."

While this rapid monologue was rolling off his wife's smooth tongue the Bishop stood silent, occasionally turning a keen look into the speaker's face as if to read her real meaning.

Everybody was busy pointing out this or

that, and a subdued hum of talk buzzed through the little group.

"Well, now then," said the Bishop in a loud tone, whereat everybody stopped to listen. "It is my intention to build a home for every one of my wives just as soon as means afford. But as this seems to be a necessary move to make down here now I shall put this one up first. I want the woman who is going to live here to say what kind of a house she wants and to help me to plan it out. So, the very first thing to be done is to find out who's going to live here. Now, don't all speak at once, yet all must speak out their minds that we may move understandingly and do things as we'd ought to, by common consent."

Almost before the last word was out of his mouth Aunt Sarah cooed softly,

"Well, I have no call to speak at all, for I hope I know when to speak and when not. So of course I shall stand by and patiently wait till my turn. What is it the Bible says about the first being last in eternity and the last first?" She turned inquiringly with her little joke to Willard, laughing in her subdued way.

"Mother," said the Bishop, "now you are the oldest woman and naturally the first choice rests with you. What do you say?"

"Well, father, I would like to go and I would hate to go. I feel to leave the matter in your hands. You choose for us."

"Some folks know how to choose for themselves," murmured Aunt Sarah.

"Fanny, seeing mother hasn't any choice in the matter, you can tell us your mind."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to say. My health ain't very good or else I would jump at the chance. Even as it is, I think I might manage with my boy's help." The subdued murmur of Aunt Sarah's tones reached her ear, and in a quick, impulsive way she said, "Let Sarah come if she wants to so bad. I am quite contented at the old home."

"I am sure," faintly replied Sarah, "I have never given out the least idea that I am

bad off to come. How any one could accuse me of such a thing——"

"Sarah," said the Bishop, "would you like to have this for your permanent home?"

"What a question to pounce on one so sudden-like; let Fanny have her say out first and then I am sure I can——"

"My girl, said the Bishop in an unmistakably clear tone, "answer me right out, do you feel to choose this for your permanent home, to be deeded to you and your children?"

"Well, yes, pa, I suppose I shall be willing to go where I'm sent and stay where I'm put. I've never been anything but an obedient, faithful wife, always willing to offer my all on the altar of sacrifice; and if you require this now at my hands, why then, pa, let me say you will find me ready and willing, no matter what it may——"

The Bishop had turned away, but the last few sentences brought him back, and he said firmly,

"Sarah, I do not require sacrifices at the hands of my wives save those that all wives freely give the man they marry and which in turn I am more than willing to return in kind. If you think I am asking you to come here, you are mistaken. Fanny——"

"Oh, pa," she interrupted hurriedly, "I have told you I am more than willing to come. Shall I go down on my knees to say it?" and a great gush of quick tears, that afterwards disappeared as suddenly as they came, poured down her cheeks.

The plans were then discussed, and Aunt Sarah almost forgot her troubles in the excitement of arranging for doors and windows, rooms and closets.

The long shadows cast by the trees gave warning that time pressed, or the men would be late with their chores.

As soon as the start was made for the buggies, Aunt Sarah turned faint and declared herself utterly unable to return in that carriage.

"The strain and jolt has made my back

ache so I can't endure another thing. I was up nearly all night long last night—"

"Willard," called the Bishop, "do you feel like driving the colt back? If you do I'll get into the carriage and take these cowardly girls of mine in with me."

"I shall be quite willing, sir."

"Then let's see, who shall go with you?"

"Father, I should prefer going back in the carriage," announced Frank Aunt Fanny.

"Of course you will. Well, I don't see any other way but for you to take Rhoda, and Tom, too. There'll be room for all. And with careful driving you'll get home safe."

This seemed more pleasant all around, and the whole party started home in gay spirits.

That long-to-be-remembered ride! How the fiery young horse bent his head and, disdainful of the restraining pressure in his mouth, flew over the road like the unloosed wind. Willard set his teeth and held on to the slender reins, devoutly praying that they would not break under the strain, for they were old and worn. The cool breeze became in their rapid flight a stinging wind. Trees along the road dashed past like "fence poles," as Tom afterwards said. The soft, springy loam flew off the colt's feet in great clumps back in the buggy, and sometimes up on to their laps.

Even Tommy's face grew white as they neared the city and he realized the danger of the many turnings and the deep creeks to be crossed ere they reached their own home.

Not a word for miles.

Then Willard half whispered to the silent little figure at his side, "Are you afraid?"

"No," she answered, and added under her breath, "not with you."

He was scarcely sure of what she said, but her low, intense tone of confidence and trust thrilled him to his very finger tips.

"I am glad," he answered softly.

The buggy swayed to and fro as crossing after crossing was passed, and at last here is home.

Thank heaven, some one has undone the gate, and the colt dashes in, grazing the wheel on the gate post, Moroni jumps at his

bits and the creature stands trembling in every limb, while Willard quickly jumps out and unharnesses him.

"Why," calls Lovina, "you three look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I think I have," assents Willard, as the face of his wife gazes reproachfully into his heart.

"Willard, my boy," he says to himself, "you and I must have a reckoning."

"Come in folks," urges Lovina, "we've had company all the afternoon."

"Who, Lov?" asks Tom.

"Come in and see," and then as Willard follows her she says,

"Brother Gibbs, allow me to make you acquainted with Sister Lang and Miss Phebe Lang and Miss Aseneth Lang."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A SHARP BOY.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 155.]

I SHOULD, perhaps, remark that *appropriating* a pocketful of apples for one's own eating was not deemed stealing in that section of the country.

Deceived by the luscious aspect of the apples, the stranger would open wide his jaws, take a generous bite, chew once, sometimes twice, then suddenly pause.

The comical change that would come over his face was very amusing to anyone who saw it. Indignant spittings and a smashing of the apple against the trunk of the tree were generally sure to follow, accompanied by uncomplimentary exclamations. The deluded boy would then sneak over the wall, walk away, and never look back. It seemed all at once to occur to him that he had been stealing.

About a year and a half after the "black fox" affair, Will Dover came one day to the orchard while we were gathering apples. He asked what we would take for the apples on the "old hypocrite" tree.

We thought at first that he was joking, for he knew the flavor of the apples.

Finding he really wanted them, grandfather told him to "take them and welcome."

The next day Will came with oxen and cart and gathered quite a number of bushels of these apples. We could not find out what he intended to do with them, but concluded he had some sharp game in view.

This was about a week before the country fair, such as is held each year in the autumn in many of the agricultural counties of New England.

With us the fair was one of the great events of the year. All the boys made a point of being there two days, and if possible every day while it was held.

One of the first objects that met the eyes of my cousin George and myself on entering the fair-grounds was Will selling apples at a stand built of bright new hemlock boards.

It needed but a glance to enable us to identify the apples. They looked temptingly luscious, piled up in open willow baskets on the stand before him. Behind the sharp salesman there were ranged a tier of bags full of the "hypocrite" fruit.

Will was singing out lustily:—

"Apples! Apples! Here's where ye get yer nice golden-reds! Only one cent apiece!"

The public responded heartily. It was as good as a play to us thoughtless boys. We thought but little of the sin, but a great deal of the fun. We stood at a little distance and watched the wry faces and heard the surprised ejaculations that burst forth, as the purchasers walked away and took their first bites.

Whenever Will caught sight of our grins he would tip us a wink and slyly smooth down his face with his hand.

It was a good-natured crowd of kindly country people, else Will would hardly have been allowed to continue the deception.

But before the day was over many a malevolent look was cast at him by the passers-by. He braved these and still prospered, as new comers were constantly pouring in from all parts of the country.

About noon the next day, however, a crowd of exasperated lads upset the stand and pelted

Will off the fair-grounds with the remainder of his own stock in trade. But as he had cleared about fifteen dollars he was satisfied.

Now this was nothing but a palpable fraud, and a very mean sort of one. But we thought Will a wonderful sharp boy. Who but Will could make fifteen dollars out of a lot of apples not fit for hogs?

Before another year had passed young Dover began to feel the need of a wider field for his "sharp" operations than that afforded by his native country. He had come to be thought dishonest, even by those who had laughed at his sharpness.

He went to seek his fortune first to Portland and, after a time, to New York. We heard reports occasionally of his sharp doings.

Once he had a shop, or rather a room on Nassau street, and was agent for an "electric mouse-trap," also for a certain "magic compound to promote the growth of the beard," and a number of other disreputable articles.

He afterwards visited his native town once or twice, dressed smartly and looked well.

We, his old school-mates, remarked that his bright, sharp eye had taken a certain hardness of glance that was not quite pleasing to encounter.

It was whispered, too, that Will had packages of counterfeit "scrip" which he would sell "cheap" for cash. It was so well made that it could not be told from legal money.

From that time we heard little or nothing concerning him till the notice of his trial and imprisonment appeared in the newspapers.

Thus you see that Will Dover's sharp practices as a boy led him inevitably, step by step, to the crime for which he is serving seven years in the State prison.

Fools make a mock at sin. Will Dover began a life of fraud amid the laughter and commendations of thoughtless men and boys. But the skin of that "black fox" led to a felon's cell.

May there not be other communities that by treating the smart operations of some young rogue as a mere joke are educating him for prison?

*Cay.*


# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1890.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### "Advanced Thought."

NE of the most remarkable features which is witnessed at the present time in the religious world, is the restlessness of thought, and the changing condition of feeling concerning the doctrines of salvation. Everyone must be struck with this who is brought in contact with religious people, and who is old enough to have had any knowledge of men's views upon this question a quarter of a century ago. The doctrine of evolution has wrought great changes in many minds. Scientific discoveries concerning prehistoric man, as he is termed, and the methods of life that prevailed long ages ago, have also had their effect. It has been very difficult for some ministers of religion to reconcile these discoveries with the record contained in the Bible, and some of them, in order to escape from the dilemma, look upon the statement of the Bible concerning the creation of the earth and the placing of man upon it, as mythical. With such people the Bible has lost much of its former value and sacredness as an historical narrative.

Notwithstanding all this uncertainty and confusion concerning vital points, there is no disposition manifested to look to the Great Author of our being, the Creator of the earth, for revelation or knowledge from Him. Even those who profess to be ministers of the religion of Jesus Christ, rather accept the theories of men than to seek to God for Him to reveal knowledge. They prefer to be governed by what they are pleased to call the "Advanced Thought" of the age.

This phrase, "Advanced Thought," gives great latitude to everyone who is disposed to

be governed by it; for whoever chooses to follow it launches himself upon a very wide sea, without rudder by which to steer, or compass to guide him, to a safe destination.

There is one thing, however, that is very remarkable in connection with this subject, and that is the disposition which is manifested to adopt, as true, many of the teachings which were given to the Prophet Joseph by revelation. In one direction this is very apparent, and that is the inclination to accept the idea that there is a chance for repentance and progress beyond the grave.

Now, when the Prophet Joseph first taught this doctrine, and it was carried by the Elders to the world, it met with universal condemnation from religious people, who did not accept the gospel at the hands of the Elders. They were far from believing that this principle had any foundation in truth. But it is true, and the leaven of truth has been working in the minds of the children of men, and many are taking broader views, and are now willing to admit that it is a reasonable doctrine. In fact, the more thought that is given to it, and the more it is agitated, the clearer does it appear to be entirely consistent with justice and mercy, which are two of the great attributes of our Creator.

The revelation which the Prophet Joseph received, before the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, concerning the nature of eternal punishment, enabled the Elders to preach with simplicity and power the true character of God's punishment. In those early years of the Church it was almost universally believed, by sects which called themselves Christian, that sinners, who did not obtain forgiveness before death, would be consigned, through the endless ages of eternity, to a place of exquisite and indescribable torment, which was called hell. Though the teachings and explanations of the Elders upon this point were very clear and consistent with the exalted character of God, which our Father in Heaven had revealed of Himself, still there were many professed Christians who thought it blasphemy to believe that men who

were sent to hell could ever escape from its awful torment through the never-ending ages of the future.

But a great change has taken place in religious sentiment upon this question. The views of many prominent teachers and members of these Christian sects have been greatly modified, and they look upon this in a more reasonable light, and are disposed to think that it is not inconsistent with God's justice, and certainly not with His mercy, to relieve sinners after the penalty has been paid. This is illustrated in the action of the Presbyterians, as unyielding a sect as can be found anywhere. They are agitating the question of throwing aside their doctrine of election and reprobation, and changing their creed and making it more liberal and consistent with God's word.

In many other directions religious thought and teachings are becoming more liberal, more consistent with truth and the principles of salvation. In this respect the gospel of the Lord Jesus, as taught by His servants in this age, has not been without its fruits—even in the world, where there are no professed Latter-day Saints. Truth will win its way. If it only can find lodgment in the breasts of the children of men, it becomes a power in the earth.

Truth is like good seed: if it is planted it will grow and expand, it will bring forth fruit, it will multiply and spread abroad, and especially is this the case when it is embodied or organized as a system of truth, as it is in the gospel, and is taught and believed in by numbers of people who have with them or in their midst the authority of the Holy Priesthood and the ordinances of life and salvation.

It would be impossible for such a people as the Latter-day Saints who are in this happy condition, to exist on the earth without having a very wide-spread influence upon human thought and upon existing institutions. Men may not accept the Church as divine, nor its teachings in their entirety; but they cannot completely close their eyes to all the principles of truth. Insensibly, perhaps, in some instances to themselves, they imbibe it, they are influ-

enced by it; and the example of its believers in their organization and in the institutions which grow up under its teachings have a great effect and are imitated by many people who would be loth to acknowledge the source from whence they receive their suggestions.

It would not surprise us, now that men are beginning to admit that there will be repentance after the grave, to hear that other doctrines of our Church, in relation to the dead and the future condition of existence, are being looked upon favorably. For instance, if men can repent, why not perform other works, or have them performed for them? This paves the way for entertaining belief in the doctrine of baptism for the dead; and, if progress be admitted to be possible in the next state of existence, in what direction shall that progress be made? What more reasonable to believe, as the Lord has revealed, and as the Latter-day Saints believe, that man, by obeying, can go on from one degree of glory to another, continually progressing until he becomes a joint heir with Jesus Christ in all the glory of the Father?

But the great evil with mankind is, and probably will be, that they will not acknowledge the truth when it is presented to them—will not accept it as from God, and will not obey the ordinances by which, if they did obey them, they could be led forward to the possession of all truth. The progress of the world in adopting some truths has been very considerable within our memory. It is true, also, that, in adopting them, they have mixed them with many errors, and there has been no greater disposition on the part of mankind to bow in submission to the gospel or to treat more kindly the people of God. Nevertheless, the more truth which men receive—even though it be, in some instances, mixed with error—the better they are off; and in this direction the gospel and the people of God are having more influence and are doing more good than we are fully aware of, and than the world is willing to admit. We are apt to measure the growth of truth and the progress which the work of God makes by the number

of converts which are gained; but this is not an entirely correct standard of measurement.

The condition of the religious world today exhibits, in a most lamentable manner, how little true progress people can make when they are left to themselves, and do not seek for the aid and guidance of the Almighty. That which we see around us in the midst of all the sects clearly proves that man, by his wisdom cannot find out God. Learning abounds; it is an age of active research; scientific discoveries were probably never more numerous than they are now. There probably never was an age when there were greater facilities for the diffusion of knowledge and for transmitting it with celerity to the remotest parts of the earth; and the generation is conscious and proud of this superiority. This generation flatters itself that its progress has excelled that of all preceding generations and peoples. It consoles itself with the fond belief that it is progressing in the acquirement of knowledge beyond anything ever known to man. A more conceited, self-righteous generation probably never lived than is now to be found on the earth. It is lifted up in excessive pride. Yet, the truth is it is in a woeful plight. If any proof of this were needed, the fact of there being such innumerable divisions upon every important question ought to be sufficient to convince one of it. Pure truth carries with it conviction. Those who receive it are united by it.

Many people are disposed to congratulate our generation because of the existence of so many divisions and because of the existence of so much contention. They appear to think that it is by these means that truth is reached. This is great folly. The more truth there is, and the more it is comprehended, the less there is of division and strife concerning it.

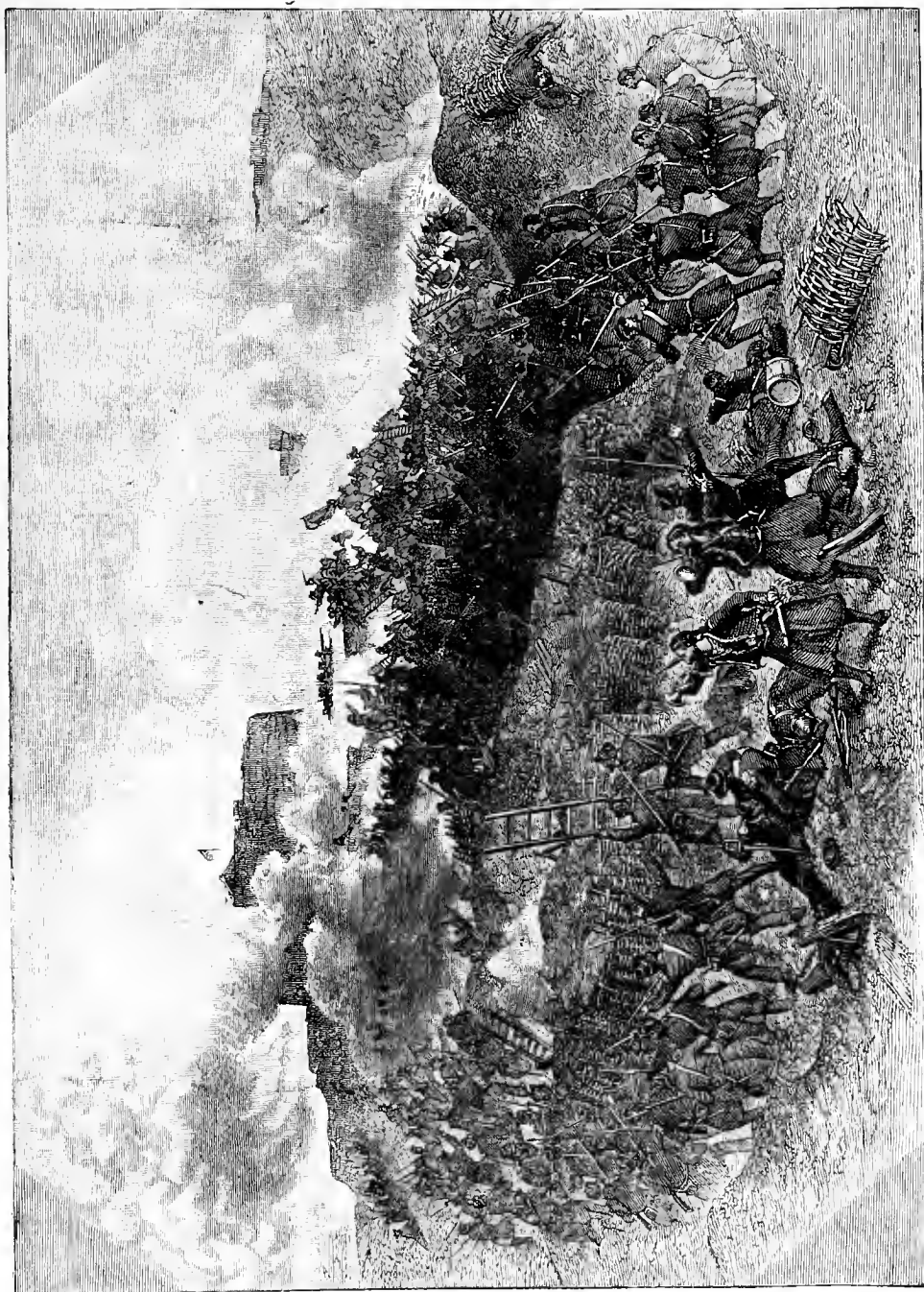
EVERYTHING may be mimicked by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet.

#### THE CRIMEAN WAR.

FOR many centuries the eyes of pious pilgrims were turned lovingly toward Palestine. Ten years after the battle of Hastings the Turks took Jerusalem, and emperors, kings and popes led their crusades in vain against the sacred walls. The infidel at last allowed the Christian to have a convent and chapel at Bethlehem and worship in the grotto where tradition says that Christ was born. After the second separation of the churches a great quarrel arose between the Greek and Latin monks for the right to possess and guard these holy places. The Porte favored now the Eastern, now the Western Church, but in the reign of Nicholas it was solemnly decreed that though the Greek monks should keep control of the holy places, yet the Roman monks might have a key to the great door of the church at Bethlehem, and place a silver star in the grotto. The Porte, however, failed to carry out the decree, and the petty quarrel still went on. From this trivial cause grew the Crimean War.

Napoleon III., the new Emperor of France, warmly took the part of the Latin monks, and threatened to appeal to arms. France was more than ready to fight Russia. The eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign had been one long series of insults on the part of Nicholas; the French had not forgotten the retreat from Moscow, the presence of the Russians in Paris, the partition of Poland.

Nicholas, the protector of the Eastern Christians, naturally took the part of the Greek monks, but he had more ambitious designs. After a proclamation of the Empire a coolness sprang up between France and England. Nicholas resolved to take advantage of it and, if possible, induce England to support him in his grievances against the Porte. In a private talk with Sir George Seymour, the English envoy, he compared Turkey to a sick man, and insisted that England and Russia ought to come to an understanding as to the division of his estate, if he should suddenly die upon their hands.



CAPTURE OF THE MALAKOF.

“We cannot bring the dead to life again,” he said; “if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more.” Sir George wrote to his government for instructions, and Lord John

Russell replied that Russia would do well to show great forbearance to the “sick man” and restore him to health rather than hasten the crisis by any rash action. The Emperor was

indignant, and said to Sir George, "I tell you that if your government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of life it must have received false information. I repeat it: the sick man is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise." The Emperor then proposed a plan of partition by which he should take the Danubian principalities and allow England to take Egypt and Candia. He disclaimed any designs upon Constantinople, and at the same time declared that he would not allow any Christian power to control the Bosphorus.

The events which preceded the Crimean war have been compared to a drama. The next act was the appointment of Prince Menshikof as envoy to the Porte. He was sent with all the state of a conqueror, and was commissioned to settle the vexed question of the holy places and other grievances of the Emperor. The time was fitly chosen; the envoys of France and England were away. Prince Menshikof studiously neglected the rigid Eastern etiquette; his brusque ways led to the fall of minister after minister. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Mr. de Lacour hurried back to Constantinople, and on their arrival the question of the holy places was straightway settled; but still Prince Menshikof lingered for the ostensible purpose of "regulating a few unimportant business details." He at last laid before Rifaat Pasha, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, a plan for a treaty by which Nicholas was to take the Greek Christians in the Ottoman Empire under his protection. This was to ask the Sultan to share his throne; the ultimatum was refused, and Prince Menshikof fulfilled his threat, broke off diplomatic dealings and left Constantinople. Nicholas sustained his envoy's action, and announced that the Russian troops would immediately occupy the principalities, "not for the purpose of making war" but in order to get security that the Porte would fulfill its obligations.

France and England saw danger in this threat; the French and English fleets cast anchor in Besika bay at the entrance of the

Dardanelles. Less than a month elapsed and the Russian army, under Prince Gortchakof, crossed the Pruth.

The third act in the drama was occupied with the last efforts on the part of the European Powers to preserve peace. A conference met at Vienna. It seemed as though the delegates of the Five Powers were about to succeed, when suddenly events at Constantinople changed the face of things. The students of the Koran petitioned the Sublime Porte to declare war. "You are now listening to infidel ambassadors, the enemies of the Faith," they cried; "we are the children of the prophet. We have an army, and that army cries out with us for war to avenge the insults heaped upon us by the *giaours*."

The excitement grew more intense. The Great Council of the Empire met at the palace of the Sublime Porte and unanimously voted for war. The Sultan summoned Prince Gortchakof to leave the Turkish territory; the French and English fleets crossed the Dardanelles and cast anchor in the Bosphorus. Hostilities immediately broke out between the Turks and the Russians, both in Asia and on the banks of the Danube. Even now peace might have been brought about. The last hope, however, was taken away by the destruction of a small Ottoman squadron in the harbor of Sinope. It was perfectly justifiable, but it roused great excitement throughout Europe. "The blow struck at Sinope was not against Turkey alone," cried the French; and France united with England to control the Black Sea. Nicholas declared that this was to take away from Russia the right to protect its own coasts.

Such acts and feelings led to rupture. France and England offered their assistance to Turkey and concluded an offensive and defensive alliance. Austria and Prussia, from whom Nicholas had reason to expect at least gratitude, agreed together to remain neutral until Russia attacked Austria or crossed the Balkans.

The allied armies met at Malta and together sailed for Constantinople. At Varna, where

they went into camp, the cholera broke out.

An expedition against the Russians who occupied the region bounded by the Danube, the sea and the wall of Trajan failed utterly. It was decided to carry the war to the Crimea and there strike Russia a mortal blow.

The story of the great Krim war has been often told. Three hundred and fifty transports and frigates landed the allied armies on the "holy ground" where St. Vladimir had been baptized eight centuries before. The almost impregnable heights of the Alma were taken; Sevastopol lay before them. "The battle of the Alma was a thunderbolt to Russia." Although Sevastopol was well protected on the water side, on the land side it was wholly defenceless. When the allies failed to take advantage of their victory and march straight upon the city the Russians set to work to remedy the defects. Soldiers, sailors, men, women and children labored at the earthworks. The stony soil soon began to bristle with redoubts. Admiral Kornilof sank seven of the best ships at the mouth of the harbor. Eighteen thousand marines were transferred to the land defence. The bastions of the center, of the Flagstaff, of the two Redans, and of the Malakof, all historic names, crowned the heights around the city. "Children," said Kornilof to the soldiers, "we are going to fight the enemy to the last extremity. Each one of us must die at his post. Kill the man who dares to speak of going back. If I order you to retreat, kill me." At the first bombardment, after the English had taken possession of Balaklava and the French were on the Fediukhin heights, the brave admiral was killed by a cannon-ball. His last words were: "May God bless Russia and the Emperor. Save Sevastopol and the fleet."

A week later the Russians attacked the English entrenchments at Balaklava and gained some slight advantage. It was then that the Earl of Cardigan led the Light Brigade on their famous charge to save the field-pieces captured by the Russians. The action is well described in the graphic and stirring

poem by Alfred Tennyson entitled, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

A few days later Prince Menshikof renewed the attack. For three hours the Russians tried to force "the Thermopylae of Inkerman," and they had nearly won the battle when a small band of French came to the aid of their allies. The Russians, thinking it was the whole French army, fell back a little in disorder and the day was lost. Eleven thousand lives were thrown away in this "badly planned, badly conducted" action.

The winter came on and all the armies, especially the English, suffered terrible hardships from cold, storm and disease. Still the "parallels" and mines drew near the walls, and the Russian engineers in turn, under the direction of Todleben, strengthened the fortifications of the town and built new redoubts.

One serious battle marked the winter. Omer Pasha landed twenty thousand Turks at Eupatoria, which had been greatly strengthened and fortified. Nicholas sent an imperative order to take the place by assault and drive the Turks into the sea. The attempt was made recklessly and failed disastrously.

This was a crushing blow to the Emperor. "The greater men's hopes had been, the more they expected the conquest of Constantinople, the upheaval of the East, the extension of the Slav Empire, the deliverance of Jerusalem, the harder and more cruel was the awakening." Voices, pamphlets, broadsides, spread the tumult of popular judgment. Even the Emperor was not spared in the sudden outburst of injured pride.

"Arise, O Russia!" they said, "devoured by enemies, ruined by slavery, shamefully oppressed by stupid government officials and spies, awaken from thy long sleep of ignorance and apathy! We have been kept long enough in serfage by the successors of the Tartar kans. Arise and stand erect and claim before the throne of the despot; demand of him a reckoning of the national misfortunes."

Nicholas saw that he had been wrong.

"My successor," he said, "can do as he pleases. As for me, I cannot change." He heard the sudden voice of the nation calling him to appear before the bar of history and truth. He could not bear to live. Less than a month after Eupatoria the word went forth: "the Emperor is dead." The burden of the new Emperor was indeed hard to bear. All Europe was arrayed against him. The money in his treasury was almost gone. The people were weary of war.

Alexander declared, however, that he was bound to accomplish the wishes and designs of his illustrious ancestors, "Peter the Great, Catherine, Alexander the Blest and his father of imperishable memory." He was willing to renew the conflict, and go to destruction rather than yield a point of honor. A new conference of the Six Powers met at Vienna, but as no agreement could be brought about the Krim war went on. Victor Emmanuel sent the allies an army of fifteen thousand Sardinians; General Pelissier assumed the chief command of the French, and announced that he was going to take Sevastopol. Sixty men-of-war cruised around in the Sea of Azof, where they ruined forts, arsenals and granaries, bombarded many towns, destroyed hundreds of ships, and cut off the Russians from every base of supplies except Perekop. Sevastopol was doomed. There was not a building in the town left uninjured by the cannonballs and bursting bombs. The garrison began to suffer from lack of provisions. General Pelissier carried the "White Works" on Mount Sapun and the redoubts on the Green Hill. The key of Sevastopol was the citadel of Malakof, which was protected by a palisade of sharpened stakes, a parapet of earthworks six meters in height, and three tiers of batteries separated from the parapet by a ditch seven meters deep and eight meters wide. On the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1855, the French attacked the Malakof, and the English hurled themselves upon the Great Redan. It was a bloody battle. The allied armies were driven back, and for the first time during the siege were

compelled to ask for a truce to bury their dead.

In spite of this success Prince Gortchakof saw little hope of saving the city. He wrote to the war minister: "I have done my best, but the task has been too hard ever since I came to the Krim." Against his better judgment he gave orders to attack the allies on the Black River. He sent seventy thousand men to the Tavern bridge with the intention of capturing Mount Hasford, where nine thousand Sardinians were entrenched. General Read, however, without waiting for orders, crossed the river and tried to storm the Fediukin heights where the French were posted with eighteen field pieces. The struggle for possession of the battery was terrible. Again and again the Russians rallied to the attack, gained the bridge, crossed the aqueduct, and dashed up the fire-swept slope. Again and again the French came down upon them "like an avalanche." The river and the canal were choked with the dead. The battle was lost.

Meanwhile the French engineers brought the "parallels" or trenches to within twenty-five meters of the Malakof. The final struggle was near at hand. The French batteries mounted six hundred cannon, the English two hundred; the Russians could reply with thirteen hundred and eighty. The bombardment began on the 5th of September and lasted three days. At night the lurid scene was made more weird by the beacon-light of a burning frigate loaded with alcohol which took fire from a red-hot shell. At noon of the third day the guns suddenly ceased their "infernal noise," the bugles sounded, the drums beat, the French Zouaves leaped from their trenches, mounted the slope, crossed the ditch, which was now choked with debris, and the French flag floated from the parapet! This was on September 8th, 1855. At the same time the English again assaulted the Great Redan, took it by storm, were driven out, twice again came to the charge, twice were repulsed with terrible loss.

Prince Gortchakof saw that further defence

was vain. The Malakof, in the hands of the French, threatened "the only anchorage left to the vessels, as well as the only way of retreat open to the Russians." As soon as night came on the Russians began to withdraw from the city; across the bridge of boats which they had thrown from one shore of the harbor to the other poured a steady stream of soldiers, while one after another the forts were blown up, and the remainder of the fleet was scuttled and sunk. When the last man had crossed the bridge was severed from the shore and the army was safe. Prince Gortchakof told his men that "he would not willingly abandon the country where St. Vladimir had received baptism." Alexander promised the nobles of Moscow to continue the war for the sake of glory.

The campaign dragged along. In October a strong French and English fleet cruised through the Black Sea and destroyed immense quantities of provisions and timber. Its chief exploit was the capture of Fort Kinburn at the junction of the Bug and the Dnieper. The Russians, on the other hand, were successful in Turkish Armenia and Georgia. They took Kars after a long siege, and this victory somewhat flattered their pride and consoled them for the loss of Sevastopol. Napoleon was anxious to act as angel of peace. At his proposal a congress met at Paris and peace was signed. Russia gave up its exclusive right to protect the Danubian provinces and interfere with their internal affairs. The Danube was made free to all the Powers; its delta was given to Turkey and the Rumanian principalities. The Black Sea was opened to merchantmen of all nations, but closed to ships-of-war. No military or marine arsenals should be erected on its coasts. The Sultan agreed to renew the privileges of his Christian subjects.

Thus ended the great Krim war. It had cost France eighty thousand men, England twenty-two thousand men and fifty million pounds sterling. But Russia suffered the most; two hundred and fifty thousand men had perished from the army; an irredeemable

paper currency had driven out the precious metals; the banks paid only in paper; the credit of the government was at the lowest ebb. Such were the fruits of the narrow-minded ambition of Nicholas.

*H. O. R.*

#### FORGIVENESS.

**F**ORGIVENESS is made up of love, mercy and charity. It is one of the attributes of the Deity. It was born in heaven, reared in paradise and sent to earth to be cherished by all God's children. He tells us that "he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses, there remaineth with him the greater sin," showing, plainly, there is no chance for us to withhold our forgiveness if we expect to be forgiven. Again He says, "I, the Lord, require you to forgive one another; but it remaineth with me to do as I please." This requirement virtually takes revenge out of our hands and leaves it with God, who says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." The Lord further says, "I, the Lord, command that you shall forgive all men, that you may freely say in your hearts, The Lord judge between me and thee." This is rather a bitter portion for mankind to swallow, especially when the majority feel like being judge, jury and executioner.

The reason for this command is obvious. Mankind lack judgment, are deficient in reason and almost strangers to mercy. Some wickedly express themselves, "I'll have revenge! I'll kill him, or he shall me." Thus often two lives are lost, when, by taking the command of God for their guide, both would have been rendered happy. God, foreseeing the strife and jealousy that would obtain in the earth, commands His children to forgive one another, plainly informing us that it is heavenly to forgive, but to withhold is satanic. Jesus said, while on earth, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer"—well knowing that hate begets murder. He also taught His disciples to forgive one another, that they might be the recipients of forgiveness, and to place the

seal of divinity on this great command, He died with forgiveness on His lips. With this sublime pattern before us, the way we should walk is unmistakably plain, and we are told by Him who marked it out, "Follow me."

The feelings that we sometimes allow to take possession of our hearts is to forgive only in part—and that grudgingly. We should not be like the old Indian chief, whom the missionary was trying to teach the importance of forgiving and forgetting. The Indian could not see the part of forgetting, but at last, after much persuasion, said, "Well, me forgive and forget, but me always remember it." This forgetting may seem difficult to others as well as to the Indian. Though we may not forget the injury done, we should not cherish it in our hearts continually, thus debarring ourselves of the boon we deny to others.

Our injuries, real or imaginary, can be compared to a bottle floating on a pond, with just enough water in it to ballast it. There it will float before us all the time, unless we resolutely and determinedly take hold of it and push it under the water. It may take a strong effort, but the moment the neck is submerged, though there may be a little bubbling and spluttering, yet, as it fills, it becomes easier to hold it down, and soon the hateful vial sinks out of sight and, if left alone, will bury itself in the black mud at the bottom. Once there, let it remain, and the chances are that it will never float again—unless we dive into the dirty filth ourselves and bring it to the surface.

Forgiveness is a heart-expanding principle, and those who practice it in their lives cultivate one of the attributes of the Deity, thus adorning themselves with that nobility which heaven gives and man cannot take away. Those who cultivate this divine attribute, the peace of heaven shines through their eyes and beams in their faces. That power, which spreads such a heavenly glow over their features, is of God, and is worth more in the heart of the possessor than all the wrongs that mortal ever allowed to afflict him.

Carrying unforgiveness about us is like carrying a serpent in our bosom which we fain would conceal; but the venomous thing will, in spite of us, show itself at times when we think it safely hid. It thrives on malice and fattens on hate, and when once coiled around our heart hinders its kindly beatings and, finally, stops it.

Some author has said, "To err is human, to forgive divine;" it is a truism, as is also the statement that it costs more to revenge an injury than to forgive it.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a memorial of His death and sufferings, and when we partake of it, withholding forgiveness from our fellow creatures, we sin before the Lord, and simply block the way of our own forgiveness. Supposing we had unlimited power over our enemy; to starve him would not fatten us, to take away his name and character would not emblazon ours on the scroll of fame, to torture him would not add security to our feelings, and should we take his life, would that insure eternal lives to us? Verily, no! It would only show that we had great power and a very small soul. Such revenge is like the dread cyclone, spreading death and destruction in its path; while forgiveness is like the gentle zephyrs wafting the dew of heaven over field, farm and woodland, rendering the landscape beautiful to behold.

Forgiveness is the best thing we can give to our enemy. By so doing we gain a three-fold advantage—power over our enemy, power over ourselves and power with God; and when proffered in sincerity and refused by our enemy, most assuredly the Lord will not hold him guiltless of the soul-destroying sin of ingratitude.

We are exhorted, in Holy Writ, "not to let the sun go down on our wrath," lest the old adage prove true, that "he who goes to bed with anger in his heart invites the devil to roost on his pillow," thus barring the chance of an angel's whisper, or enjoying the sweet restorer—balmy sleep.

God, through His prophet in the last days, has said, "Ever keep in exercise the principle

of mercy and forgiveness," and ever be ready to forgive our brother on the first intimation of repentance and asking forgiveness; and should we forgive our brother and our enemy before they repent or ask forgiveness, our Heavenly Father would be equally merciful to us. There needs no comment on the god-like sublimity of this command, and rest assured that every time we exercise this principle it will add divinity to our hearts and will bring us nearer to God. C. L. W.

### CAPTURING THE ENEMY.

ONE morning a wail of despair went up from the little cottage among the rocks.

It was the cottage occupied by Philip Morrison the stone cutter; from the door of which a strong man, stick in hand, might have been seen leading away a handsome brindled cow, while the Morrison children ran and clamored after him.

"Oh, he shan't take our old Brinny!" screamed little Nell, almost grasping the man by the coat.

"Go back, go back, old Brinny!" shouted little Job, a boy of five or six years, getting before the cow, and trying to make her understand that she was not to leave them.

"I'll get a big dog and set on you, old Hogan!" shrieked Tommy, aged ten or eleven, shaking his fist fiercely in the man's face.

"You look out, you youngster, or you'll get a cut!" said the man flourishing his stick.

Marshall, the oldest boy, who stood a little way off, watching in angry silence, now spoke.

"You touch one of my little brothers or sisters with that stick, Giles Hogan, and you'll get a big rock at your head!"

"Marshall! Children!" called the father at the door, "come away! You can't help the matter. He has robbed us of our cow, and as there is a heaven above us, he shall suffer for it! But let him go now."

"I wouldn't! I'd fight him!" said Tommy.

"I wish old Brinny would hook him and toss him over the moon!" cried Nell more full of wrath and grief than one would have thought such a tender-hearted child could be.

"Has he any right to that cow?" Marshall demanded, turning to his father.

"No *real* right," replied the stone-cutter, sullenly; "but he has a sort of right. The law lets him take her."

"But how can the law let one man rob another?" Marshall asked, with flashing eyes.

"The law permits some very unjust things," said his mother, standing, with red eyes and grieving lips, at the cottage door. "Your father and I have worked hard all our lives; and we had laid by a little money for a rainy day. But when the rainy day came"—

Here her voice choked, and the stone-cutter struck in.

"That was when your mother was sick, and times were hard at the quarry, and we were put on half-work and half-pay. Then when we wanted the money we had put away, the savings bank failed. That was another robbery. The treasurer had been speculating with our money, and lost it."

"What right had *he*?" Marshall demanded, angrily.

"No right, my boy. What *he* did was against the law. Many a poor family has been ruined by him. Then what to do for money to buy bread for you children, I didn't know. So I went to the superintendent of the quarry to see if the company would advance me a little."

"The superintendent—that's Hogan!" muttered the boy, turning to glance down the road, and clenching his fist again.

"He and I had always been good friends," the father went on. "And he was always a good fellow, but he took to drink a couple of years ago. Since then things have gone wrong with him, and he isn't the man he was. But I trusted him, and when he said he would lend me thirty dollars out of his own

pocket, I could have blessed him. I did thank him till he stopped me.

" 'Never mind about that,' says he. 'This is business. How long will you need the money?'

" 'We've the promise that the savings bank affairs will be settled in three months, so that we can get a part of our money,' I said. 'I'll pay you then.'

" 'All right,' he said. 'But my wife won't be satisfied unless I have some sort of security for the payment of the debt. Not that I require it,' said he, 'for I know you and trust you, Phil Morrison.'

" 'Then I offered to put my bank account into his hands. But he said no, his wife had lost all patience with the bank.

" 'I'll tell you what,' he said. 'There's your cow. Sell her to me as a mere matter of form, you know. Give me a paper to that effect, and I'll give it back to you when you pay me the money; no matter whether it is in three or six months. You keep the cow, but I shall want the paper to show to my wife.'

" 'So I took his thirty dollars, and gave him a bill of sale of old Brin. And now, before the three months are up, he comes and demands the cow! But he will get pay for this villany!' the stone-cutter added revengefully.

" 'I'd go to law about it!' exclaimed Tommy.

" 'Go to law!' repeated poor Mrs. Morrison, wiping her eyes. 'Your father has no money to go to law with.'

" 'Then I'd have back the cow, at some rate,' said Marshall, his boyish face full of resolution. 'Old Brin is worth more than thirty dollars.'

" 'Yes, and he knows it,' said his father. 'She is well worth fifty, and he thinks he has made a fine bargain. But it will prove the worst bargain he ever made, in the end.'

He spoke in an angry and revengeful spirit, which kindled more and more the fiery passions in the lad. Marshall firmly believed that Hogan had no right whatever to the cow,

and that, if she could have been kept out of grasp till the three months were up, and the thirty dollars paid, all would have been well.

He brooded gloomily over the matter while his father went to the quarry to work. He could think of nothing but the wrong the family had suffered; and when Superintendent Hogan went home for a glass of liquor that afternoon, he found the boy prowling about his place.

" 'What do you want here?' said the man.

" 'I want one more look at that cow,' muttered Marshall, giving him a fierce look. 'I guess I've a right, for she isn't your cow.'

Hogan rushed into the shed and brought out a horsewhip.

" 'I'll teach you whether you've a right or not!' he said, making the lash whistle about the boy's head. 'Let me catch you here again, and I'll whip you within an inch of your life!'

His mind was a good deal troubled about the affair, and I doubt whether he found much satisfaction in the possession of a cow taken from a poor man by such dishonest means. He knew very well that it would give him a bad name; and, indeed, he had already seen a change in the conduct of the workmen under him since the morning. They were obedient, and they worked industriously; but he noticed that they talked a good deal among themselves, and became suddenly silent as he approached, giving him dark and sullen looks.

Hogan usually spent his evenings at the saloon, and after supper that night, he started for the village. "To drown trouble," he used to say; and now he had more than ever to drown.

The thought of the cow, and the way in which he had come by her, gave him a miserable sinking of the heart, which only a social glass and a game at cards could cure.

He had not gone far, however, when something prompted him to turn back. He had a vague fear of what that reckless Morrison boy might do.

"Likely as not he'll set the barn afire!" he thought.

He got back just in time to hear a noise in the stable,—the hoofs of an animal in one of the dark stalls. The stable-door, which he had left fastened with a padlock half an hour before, was still locked; but the door of the barn, which adjoined the stable, had been unfastened from the inside, and now stood open. Somebody had evidently climbed into one of the small ventilating windows at the head of the stalls. That somebody was now leading out old Brin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TWO HEROES.

DRUMS and fifes are probably the most ancient, as they are the most familiar, of our musical instruments. It is a fact, as every soldier knows, and every People's Party man in Salt Lake City now knows, that on the line of march it is easier for the men to keep step to the lively tones of the "ear-piercing fife" and the roll of "the spirit-stirring drum" than to follow a brass band, which cannot be distinctly heard farther than half the length of a regiment. Two anecdotes are told which show that, though the drummers may hold the lowest rank in the British army, yet their heroism equals that of the highest.

In one of the battles of the Peninsula war, a drummer, whose name and corps have both been unfortunately lost to history, having wandered from his regiment, was taken prisoner by the French and brought before Napoleon as a spy.

Bonaparte frowned heavily upon his prisoner as he demanded of him his rank in the British army. On being told it was that of a drummer, the Emperor, to test the truth of the reply, caused a drum to be brought, and requested his prisoner to beat the "charge!"

The drummer's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he gave the terrible roll and rataplan demanded.

"Now beat a retreat," said Napoleon.

"I cannot," replied the drummer, proudly. "No such thing is known in the English army. We never retreat."

"Good!" exclaimed the Emperor. "You are a brave lad, and may rejoin your own army."

Then turning to those near him, Napoleon gave directions that the drummer should be conducted back in safety to the English lines.

Fortune is, however, a fickle jade, for at the battle of Waterloo this humble hero met with a sad death. He had been out with a body of skirmishers, who were suddenly attacked by cavalry and driven back on their supports.

The latter formed square, and the earth shook beneath the feet of the advancing cuirassiers as they rode right up to the point of the bayonets. Beneath that rampart of steel lay the drummer, who had been too late to seek the shelter of the square.

He was safe, however, and when the horsemen were driven back he jumped merrily upon his legs and shouted, "Hello, comrades! here I am, safe enough!" These were the last words he ever uttered, for at that moment a round-shot carried his head off his shoulders. Such is the fortune of war.

In the Crimea, on the evening of the day on which an unsuccessful attack had been made upon the Redan, a drummer was observed to leave the shelter of the trenches with his can of tea in his hand, and in the midst of a fearful shower of shot and shell from the Russian batteries, he threaded his way among the wounded, giving a drink here and a drink there until his can was emptied.

Then, flinging the empty can towards the enemy with a gesture of defiance, he walked coolly back to his post. By the means of this timely assistance some of the wounded were able to bear their sufferings until darkness enabled them to be rescued from death.

The drummer boy who did this brave deed received the Victoria Cross from her Majesty's own hand.

*Tuc.*

## For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No. 4, VOL. XXV.

1. To WHAT place did President Young and family move from Quincy? A. To Commerce, a small town which had been laid out, but where very few people lived.

2. Where did Brother Brigham and some of the Apostles move their families? A. Into some old barracks at Monrose, a little town on the opposite side of the river from Nauvoo.

3. What was the nature of an epistle prepared by President Young and the Apostles and published in the *Times and Seasons*? A. It was addressed to the Elders of the Church and the people generally, charging them to bring no railing accusation against their brethren, and especially that they did not against the authorities or Elders of the Church.

4. When was Brigham Young ready to start upon his foreign mission? A. In the month of September, 1839.

5. In what condition was he and his family at this time? A. They were poor in health and almost destitute of the necessities of life.

6. How was he attired when leaving to go upon his mission? A. His head was covered with a cap, which Sister Young made for him

out of a worn-out pair of pantaloons. In lieu of an overcoat he had a quilt which had been taken from the children's bed, through which a comforter was run to fasten it on.

7. How did Brothers Young and Kimball proceed on their missions? A. They would travel from place to place, preaching whenever they could get an opportunity.

8. When did Brigham Young and his fellow-missionaries leave New York for England? A. On the 9th of March, 1840.

9. When did they arrive in England? On the 6th of April, 1840.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 4, Vol. 25: Bertha Howell, Sophronia Wood, Jennetta Blood, Heber C. Blood, H. H. Blood, C. E. White, Rebecca C. Allen, Emma E. Tolman, and Annie S. Sessions.

### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When did President Young and his fellow-Apostles leave England to return home? 2. How many British Saints accompanied them? 3. Which of the Apostles remained behind? 4. What duties had been assigned to them? 5. When did they arrive at Nauvoo? 6. What did the Prophet Joseph say in speaking of their return? 7. What revelation did the Prophet

Joseph receive concerning Brother Brigham shortly after his arrival home?

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A LETTER

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Addressed to the Primary Children of Provo  
by an Absent Missionary.

"SIUPAPA, LEPA UPOLU,  
"SAMOAN ISLANDS,  
"Dec. 27, 1889.

*"To the Primary Association.*

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—

"Thinking that you would perhaps like to hear from us way, way off in Samoa, I take great pleasure in writing to you at this time, as by doing so I am reminded of my Primary meeting and Sunday School, to which, in connection with the dear old B. Y. Academy, I owe what little learning I have of the "glorious truths" which I am now sent to preach to the Israelites on these distant islands.

"It grieves me to think of the day when I, like so many of our young Utah people, decided that I was too old to attend Primary. Let me tell you, little folks, that you are never too old to be instructed in things that are being taught in every one of these meetings. My promise to you is, that if you will remember and live according to the teachings received there, you will grow up to be wise and useful men and women in the Kingdom of God, responsible offices will be given you. Some of the boys will be called to go on missions

to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth and there is no better way to prepare than by attending Primary and Sunday School.

"Paul, one of the apostles of Jesus Christ has said, "Children obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Surely our Lord and Savior cannot have much love for children who never go to meeting, who are always quarreling and who say, when asked to do anything, "I can't" "don't want to" or "let Johnny or Mary do it." Therefore, honor and obey your parents and President, God will then keep His promise and will bless you and lengthen your days on the earth.

"We are enjoying our labors in the Lord's vineyard. The people here look very much like our American Indians, but are much smarter and are very kind and hospitable; in fact, they are really too much so, as we cannot walk through a village without being stopped at almost every house, while they insist upon us eating something or else apologize for having nothing to eat, the latter being a great deal the more frequent case during the famine.

"We have all the cocoanuts, oranges, pine apples, bananas, etc., that we want, in their different seasons.

"Christmas is over and I wonder what Santa Claus brought all of you, the Samoans do not have any Christmas and Santa Claus does not get down here. I suppose it is

because we don't have any snow on these islands, it being very warm the whole year round. The people do not wear dresses and suits of clothes, but just a long piece of calico is tied around their waists and hangs down to their knees. The bodies of the men are tattooed from the waist to the knees. They do not have nice houses like we do in Utah, but their houses consist of braided coconut roofs supported on posts.

"Hoping that you always remember missionaries in your prayers and wishing you "A Happy New Year,"

"I am, your brother in the Gospel,  
"BRIGHAM SMOOT."

#### THE OTHER WORLD.

If I had the power to wish,  
And it might come true,  
I would ask to go to heaven,  
For a day or two.  
Not to leave papa and ma,  
Lonely, sad and drear,  
But to see the loved ones, gone  
To that holy sphere.  
I would look for grandpa first,  
He is there, I know,  
With the hair I used to comb,  
Soft and white as snow;  
And the eyes that used to look,  
Oh! so mild and clear,  
When they saw that other world,  
Ere he left us here.  
Next, I'd find dear cousin Grace,  
With the tiny child,  
Which they placed upon her breast,  
As in death she smiled.  
She would gladly welcome me,  
And kind words of cheer,  
Whisper low and lovingly,  
As when she was hear.

Then old "Trusty," jolly man,  
With his pleasant voice,  
Asking me if I were sent,  
Or had come from choice;  
Saying things in pious way,  
Laughable and queer,  
Singing funny little songs,  
As he used to here.

But it would be best of all,  
When I came to meet,  
Children, I have known and loved,  
Gone while young and sweet;  
They are bright and gay, I'm sure,  
'Beautiful and dear,  
In that happy other world,  
Just as they were here.

If like them I can be good,  
And no mischief do,  
Sometime I shall go to heaven,  
And my wish come true.  
Then, when I have found the place,  
And they all appear,  
I will tell them what I wished,  
While I waited here.

*Lula.*

#### HER STATION.

A BOY of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half. Drawing her upon a foot-stool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out, "New York," and, in a moment after, "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted; and at the next place he cried, "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top; I des I'll det out here."

## THE HAPPY FARMER.

TENOR. *Moderato.*

FROM SCHUMANN.

1. My song I sing at ear-ly dawn of day, As forth to la-bor in the fields I  
2. Be-fore the shades of eve be-gin to fall, I turn toward the cottage'neath the

*Soprano. pp*

*Alto.*

1. My song I sing at ear-ly dawn of day, As to the fields  
2. Be-fore the shades of eve be-gin to fall, I turn, I turn

*Bass.*

take my way; I brush the dew from many a sparkling flow'r, And  
elm tree tall; And liv - ing e - choes greet my joy-ful song, As

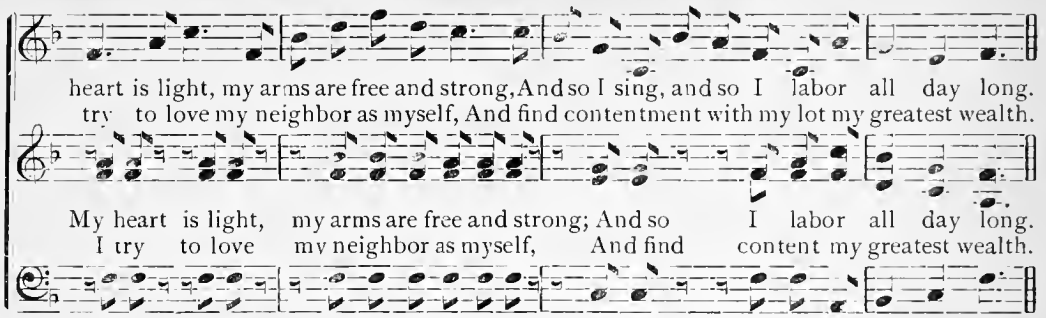
I take my way, my way; I brush the dew from many a sparkling flow'r,  
beneath the elm tree tall; And hark! O hark, they greet my joyful song,

breathe the o-dors sweet from ev'-ry wood-land bow'r; I plough my field, and  
gai-ly there I min-gle in the house-hold throng, O cheer-ful is my

And breathe from ev'-ry wood-land bow'r; I plough my field,  
As there I'm with the household throng, O cheer-ful is

sow the shining grain, I swing my scythe a - cross the grass-y plain; My  
plain and simple life, I would not change for tur-moil, care and strife, I

and sow the shining grain, I swing my scythe a - cross the grassy plain;  
my plain and simple life, I would not change for tur-moil, care and strife;



heart is light, my arms are free and strong, And so I sing, and so I labor all day long.  
try to love my neighbor as myself, And find contentment with my lot my greatest wealth.

My heart is light, my arms are free and strong; And so I labor all day long.  
I try to love my neighbor as myself, And find content my greatest wealth.

## SPARROWS DEFENDED.

I SEE of late that laws are making  
To fine our reckless sports for taking  
Undue advantage of our game,  
And sundry birds of lesser fame,  
As bobolinks, blackbirds, snow-birds, swallows.  
And other insect-eating fellows,  
As woodpecks, larks and whip-poor-wills  
And other birds named in the Bills.  
But sparrows, bleeding, maimed, may flutter  
Upon the streets or in the gutter.  
Outlawed are they, without protection,  
According to the law's direction.

Now, as the sparrow is a bird  
Which won the plaudits of our Lord,  
Who said that e'en the sparrow small  
Should not to earth unnoticed fall,  
And seeing that this bird of worth  
Hails from the land that gave me birth,  
Need I be blamed if in my heart  
A feeling rise to take his part?

This plucky bird, left to his will,  
Would doubtless been in England still,  
But folks of funny, fickle notion  
Would have him dragged across the ocean  
To learn our Vankee modes and manners  
And chirp his notes 'neath freedom's banners.

Poor, hapless bird, my heart is grieved  
To think the sin was e'er conceived  
To bring him from his home of plenty,  
Where fruits and grain both rare and dainty  
Awaited him, while frisk and gaily  
He feasted on their bounties daily.

If in that land where grain is dear  
And fruit a luxury more than here  
The sparrow got his daily living,  
And none the poorer were for giving,  
How is it that in this rich clime  
His stinted portion is a crime,  
And he begrudged his heaven-born right  
To food and shelter, life and light?  
Ponder his case, ye wise law-makers,  
Lest God indite you as law-breakers.

God makes the fruit and grain to grow  
To feed His creatures here below,  
And if this bird eats fruit or grain  
Dare we aver his life is vain?  
Shall we no manlier feeling cherish  
Than bring him here and let him perish?

But, luckless bird, it is the fate  
Of men, as birds, in this estate  
To suffer most when least deserved  
By tyrant lords from justice swerved,  
But e'en when right is on the scaffold  
And justice mourns, disheartened, baffled,  
Behind the gloom the light is shining,  
Which gives the cloud its silver lining.

Then let us trust, as trust we may,  
That earth will see a brighter day,  
When selfish, greedy, gross opinions  
Shall rule no more in God's dominions,  
When every work of His creation  
Shall gladly own His sweet salvation.

J. C.

## MERITED.

GARRICK, the actor, is credited with having once administered a severe but merited dressing to Sterne, the author of "The Sentimental Journey Through France," who seldom put into practice the fine sentiments he put into his books.

Sterne treated his wife very badly; notwithstanding which he was sufficiently ill-advised to maunder one day, in the presence of Garrick, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," quietly remarked Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

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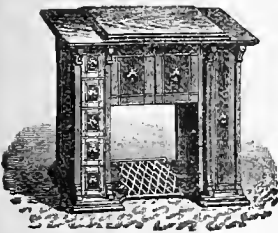
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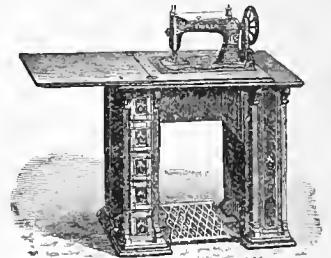
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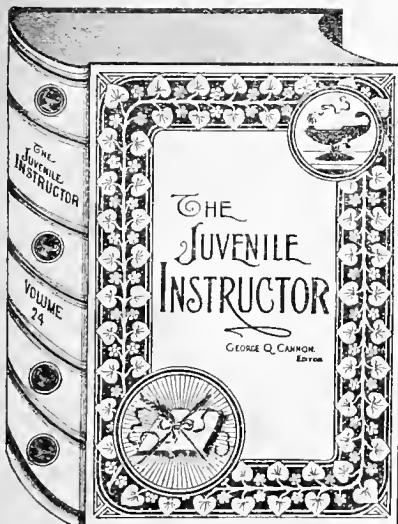
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